

February 5, 1964

Mr. Willard M. Queen
425 Plenty Street
Long Beach, California

Dear Mr. Queen:

Thank you very much for your letter of February 3 in which you enclosed clippings of "My Story" by Jack Ruby, and the letter to the editor by Miss Gledys Wells.

I don't know how we can stop these stories which picture Dallas as a wild and uncivilized city. I think anyone who reads the February 3 issue of U. S. News & World Report will most certainly be convinced that ours is a respectable, civilized city in which our citizens take a great deal of pride. Dallas is as safe a place to live in as any other city of comparable size...and probably somewhat safer than most.

I wholeheartedly agree with Miss Wells in her remarks about "playing up" this infamous person (Ruby). I can't agree that by publishing this "story" the news media is going to resolve the question of "why did he do it, and how?"

Sincerely yours,

J. E. Curry
Chief of Police

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Harry Beach Esq
2-3-84

Dear Mr. Beach,

As a Native of Texas, I'll please
I am enclosing herewith 2 copies
of a story that is appearing herein
our local paper. I don't believe
these strange things - There are people
here in Early that wish me if it
would be safe to walk down the
street in Dallas? See Daily Star
Dallas is a fine place Dallas is a City
of Hackles, etc.
I will assume these things are not
helping Dallas.

Yours truly

William M. Carson
423 Plunk St

Independent

The Southland's Finest Morning Newspaper

62 PAGES

LONG BEACH 12, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY JANUARY 10, 1964

VOL. 76 — NO. 113

New Military Coup South Viet Nam



MY STORY By Jack Ruby

with William Bradford Huie

(Continued from page 1) (The following is a transcript of a conversation between Jack Ruby and William Bradford Huie, a reporter for the Independent.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jack Ruby first met Harvey Lee Oswald at midnight on Nov. 23, 1963. He lost two pairs of fingers and 26 minutes later everything in his life was in a new course. In "My Story," Ruby tells how he moved from the place in the law and in a courtroom, and introduces a new phase in the story of the assassination.

**Saturday,
November 23, 1963
Midnight**

I asked a police officer friend to page Joe DeLang (to call DeLang) for me but we couldn't find him. Suddenly Chief Curry (Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry) and Homicide Captain Walt Fritz appeared with Oswald. I was suddenly in a swarm of people. I lost my purpose in going there. I'm in a world of history.

The reporters and TV men started complaining to Chief Curry. I saw the assembly room about the halfway room — a large room. I got in being too crowded. They put up on a table in a corner so I tested that they needed more that I would be out of the room as Oswald was taken away and could see everything. I was out. He was mumbling. I Captain Fritz and Henry. I didn't hear much of him. He Wade, the Dallas Chief District Attorney, called my friend, to look like a creep. But he kept Attorney. He thought of him but like he could have Jack Ruby's who normally, hundreds of reporters and TV killed in the room all alone. He was in a change of prospect. Henry said Oswald brought Oswald that day. I decreased Oswald. Chief Curry took me to the out and a few of the TV men had refused to take a picture.

only the two photographers, Henry and Wade also told them that Oswald had denied being a Communist but admitted being a Marxist and having defected to Russia. Chief Curry confirmed that the evidence was "conclusive" and someone said that fingerprints had been found. Everyone seemed convinced that the fingerprints belonged to Oswald — i.e., at least, that was the impression I got.

Henry Wade told us that he would "ask for and get the death penalty." I heard someone ask Henry how many men he had personally sent to the electric chair. He said, "23 out of 21." I thought to myself, "Good work, Henry. He sure did your bonding."

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Independent

The Southland's *Finest Morning Newspaper*

62 PAGES

LONG BEACH 12, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1964

VOL. 26 — NO. 133

New Military Coup South Viet Nam



MY STORY By Jack Ruby

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: Jack Ruby first saw Harvey Lee Oswald at midnight on Nov. 23, 1963. He last saw him 11 hours and 20 minutes later—withering in agony with a bullet in his chest. In today's installment, Ruby tells how he moved from the first to the last—and fatal—meeting, and introduces a key piece of defense evidence.)

Saturday,
November 23, 1963
Midnight

I asked a police officer friend to page Joe Delang (to call Delang) for me but we couldn't find him. Suddenly Chief Curry (Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry) and Homicide Captain Will Fritz appeared with Oswald. I was suddenly in a swarm of people. I lost my purpose in going there. I'm in a world of history.

The reporters and TV men started complaining to Chief Curry about the hallway being too crowded. They protested that they needed more room so Oswald was taken out. He was mumbling. I didn't think much of him. He looked like a creep. But he didn't look like he could have killed our President all alone. I am.

Chief Curry took us to the

basement to the assembly room — a large room. I got up on a table in a corner so that I would be out of the way and could see everything. Captain Fritz and Henry Wade, the Dallas County District Attorney (a friend of Jack Ruby's who, ironically, is now in charge of prosecuting Ruby) brought Oswald out into view of the TV cam-

eras and the photographers. They took their pictures and the reporters asked Oswald questions. He was mumbling answers. When everyone had his pictures they took him away. I had my gun in my pocket this night. I was just a few feet from the deceased (Ruby often refers to Lee Harvey Oswald as "the deceased" and "that person"). I had no thought of killing him. It never entered my mind. Besides, he was still only a suspect—innocent until proven guilty.

"We have enough evidence to convict," I heard my friend Henry Wade, announce to the hundreds of reporters and TV men. Henry also announced that the deceased (Oswald) had refused to take a lie-

detector test. Wade also told us that Oswald had denied being a Communist but admitted being a Marxist and having defected to Russia. Chief Curry confirmed that the evidence was "conclusive" and someone said that fingerprints had been found. Everyone seemed convinced that the fingerprints belonged to Oswald — or, at least, that was the impression I got.

Henry Wade told us that he would "ask for and get the death penalty." I heard someone ask Henry how many men he had personally sent to the electric chair. He said, "23 out of 24." I thought to myself, "Good work, Henry. I'm sure glad you're handling

(Continued Page A-6, Col. 1)



MY STORY By Jack Ruby

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(EDITOR'S NOTE: In this, the fourth and last installment of his personal story, Jack Ruby gives some frank answers to some point-blank questions including those about his violent life in Dallas, his relations with the Dallas police, and his trip to Cuba.)

Here are the results of a question and answer session with Jack Ruby:

Q: Did you ever know Lee Harvey Oswald? A: I never saw him in the Carousel Club, never in the world, at any time. The Master of Ceremonies at the club, Bill DeMarr, said he thought he had seen Oswald at the Club but now he denies he ever saw him. It was such a shock to me because Bill has such a wonderful memory. He was trying to fix it up to get on the Ed Sullivan show. That's the reason he said that. Q: I never heard Oswald's name and I usually greet customers at the club by name. When I first saw Oswald in the newspapers and on television, I associated him with	Paul Newman, for some reason. Q: Someone even said I once had an apartment next to Oswald but this is absolutely not true. Q: Why did you carry a gun? A: I've been cut at, knifed at and the only way to get respect in Dallas is to carry a gun and the thugs and hoodlums know it. Hoodlums can cause all kinds of trouble. They get put in jail and get out the next morning with a mere \$10 fine. That's the way it is in Dallas and that's why I carried a gun, to protect my business and my money. I have no permit—they know it—but they know	all nightclub owners carry guns. You have to carry a gun. Dallas is like a jungle. Q: You said you had done some fighting. Could you give us more details about this? A: I've had to defend myself a number of times in my life. I've had people pull knives and guns on me and I've defended myself. I backed them off with my gun when I had to. Once I chased a fellow down and beat him up. He was insulting a waitress and I came to her defense. Another time, I came across three hoods beating up a Dallas police officer. His name was Blankenship. They were about to kill him and I jumped in and helped the cop. He later said I saved his life. Q: I'm proud of this. Not everyone would have done it. But I did. Q: What are your feelings toward the Dallas police and how do they feel towards you? A: I love the Dallas police. I love the department. I love to hang around there. They handle civil rights with less fuss than any town. We often have off-duty policemen working in The Carousel to keep order. They get \$7 per night. This is common. Christmas cops get whiskey. But the police never have their hands out in Dallas. They get a special price on beer in the club—40c instead of 60c—but they don't drink
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